THE SNOW-DROP:

A GARLAND,

CONTAINING

FOUR NEW SONGS.

1. The Snow-Drop.
2. Jenny of the Green.
3. The disappointed Lover.
4. Ready money and no Trust.

SOLD by R. NETHERWOOD in GLOCESTER.

THE

SNOW-DROP.

Thyrsis, Phillis, Daphne, and Colin.

THYRSIS

NOW the Snow-drop lifts her Head,
Cowslips rise from golden Bed;
Silver Lillies paint the Grove,
Welcome May and welcome Love.
Welcome May and welcome Love.

PHILLIS.

Hark! the merry Finches sing,
Heralds of the blooming Spring;
And the artless Turtle-Dove
Coos at once to May and Love. *Coos, &c.*

THYRSIS.

Long the clay-cold Maid denies,
Nor regards her Shepherd's Sighs:

Now your fond Petitions move,
May's the Seaſon form'd for Love. *May's, &c.*

PHILLIS.

While adown the ſlopy Hill,
Tinkles ſoft the guſhing Rill,
Balmy Scents perfume the Grove,
May unbends the Soul to Love. *May, &c.*

DAPHNE.

Now the Bee, on ſilv'ry Wings,
Flow'ry Spoils unweary'd brings,
Spoils that nymphs and Swains approve,
Soft as May and ſweet as Love. *Soft, &c.*

And the Swallow's chirping Brood
Skim along the chryſtal Flood,
Then in wanton Circlets rove,
Playful as the God of Love. *Playful, &c.*

COLIN.

On the fair that deck our Iſle
May each Grace and Virtue ſmile;
And our happy Shepherds prove,
Days of Eaſe and Nights of Love. *Days, &c.*

JENNY of the GREEN.

While others ſtrip the new fall'n ſnow,
And ſteal its fragrance from the roſe,
To dreſs their fancy's queen,
Fain would I ſing but words are faint,
All muſick's powr's too weak to paint
My Jenny of the green.

Beneath this elm, beſide this ſtream,
How oft I've turn'd the fav'rite theme,
And told my tale unſeen;
While faithful in the lover's cauſe,
The winds would murmer ſoft applauſe
To Jenny of the green.

With joy my ſoul reviews the day,
When deck'd with all the pride of may,
She hail'd the ſylvan ſcene;
Then ev'ry nymph, that hop'd to pleaſe,
Firſt ſtrove to catch the grace and eaſe
Of Jenny of the green.

Then deaf to ev'ry rival's ſigh,
On me ſhe caſts her partial eye,
Nor ſcorn'd my humble mein;
The fragrant myrtle wreath I wear,
That day adorn'd the lovely hair
Of Jenny of the green.

Thro' all the fairy land of love,
I'll ſeek my pretty wand'ring dove,
The pride of gay fifteen;
Tho' now ſhe t eads ſome diſtant plain,
Tho' far apart I'll meet again
My Jenny of the green.

But thou, old time, 'till that bles'd night,
That brings her back with ſpeedy flight,
Melt down the hours between;
And when we meet, the loſs repay,
On loit'ring wing prolong my ſtay
With Jenny of the green.

THE

Diſappointed LOVER.

WHEN Dew-drops gild the weeping Thorn
And hoarſe pip'd Rooks ſalute the Morn,
Fair Cynthia charm'd the Grove,
Her Voice like Philomela rung,
But ſtill the Bur-then of her Song,
Was falſe and perjur'd Love.

Young Colin who had ſtray'd that Way,
When Larks, the Herald of the Day,
Their dewy Neſts forſake,
Impatient lurk'd behind a Buſh,
To hear, and view the beauteous Bluſh
That painted Cynthia's Cheek.

Againſt the ſweet inchanting Strain,
No longer able to contain,
He thus himſelf addreſs'd,
My Flocks, cry'd he ſhall all be thine,
My Dog, my Crook, be you but mine,
And bleſs a Shepherd's Breaſt.

In vain, cry'd ſhe, fond Youth, you ſue,
To Church with me you firſt muſt go,
Of which the Swain approve,
Then to the Grove again he led,
The ripen'd, panting, melting Maid,
Where both diſſolv'd in Love.

When Bliſs was paſt, young Colin cry'd,
Had you at firſt thus far comply'd,
I ne'er had ſeen thee more:
Be huſh'd, cry'd ſhe, I knew thy Will,
For Hodge, who lives at yonder Mill,
Once ſerv'd me ſo before.

Ready Money and no Truſt.

ONCE on a time I walked forth, much like unto a ranger,
I ſaid unto my-ſelf alone, I thought I was a ſtranger;
So I'll go ſeek out for a friend, if that I can find any,
But I conclude that in the end there's none like ready money.

Once on a time I tired my horſe, when I was on the travel,
My money being all expended, gave to me the gravel,
So long I vociferate, for things I wanted many,
But nothing ever could obtain, without the ready money.

in a ſhort time return'd again, becauſe I was a debtor,
ith more tino than I had before, the times were better,
hey called me right honeſt man, as I had paid each penny,
he landlord too would with me tipple, ſeeing the ready money.

ppoſe I ſhould deſire a miſs, careſſing her ſo merry,
ſhe comes in ſilken dreſs, & drinks both ſack & ſherry;
ow ſhe will love me & careſs, & call me her dear honey
long as ſhe can pleaty ſee of ſovereign ready money.

let a man be where he will, or where he has occaſion,
city, town, or country place, or in a foreign nation,
ſhall be reſpected well where'er he goes, as any,
vided he can pay his ſcore, & down ready money.

to conclude, & end my ſong, I'd have you to be wary,
ney is a welcome gueſt, if it be therefore cheary;
never be to free too call, whilſt you are on a journey,
nothing you muſt e'er expect without the ready money.

FINIS

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